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MARKET HOUSE COMMISSION.
Atlanta, Ga. January 5, 1930.
SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED BY
the market house commissioners for the erection
of a central market in the city of Atlanta, plans,
specifications and location to be furnished hereafter.
Bids to be sent in by noon, the first day of February,
1931. The contract which may be made will be in
entire conformity to the specifications and the accepted
proposal. The right is reserved, however, to reject
any and all bids.

JOHN R. GRAMLING, Chairman,
GEORGE B. FORBES, Secretary.

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SOME SOUTHERN SOCIETY
NEW YORK.Some Were Sent by the War
Department from Southern
men of Greece, Beauty and
From the New York Sun.

In the ever varying drama
of the glistering society gleams
of stars of the first magni-
tude. This collection of
men transpired from southern
as we have indicated, form a
rate society of their own, the
whose portals is the posses-
sion of two of renown, but the
rich and unimpaired with the
book elegant and interesting
known northern families that
admitted with the cosmopolitan
Gotham. They are the most
hospitable, sunny, kindly dispo-
sable of women, with a very
high-bred dignity and proud
slow sweet grace of speech and
has been handed down to them
erations, together with excep-
tionable of wisdom, and a very
high-bred dignity and proud
slow sweet grace of speech and
has been handed down to them

One of the purest types of
southern lineage, now fast pas-
sion. Mrs. Annie C. Bettner, well
known for her bearing, but
charity, benevolence and rare
kindly helpfulness, with a very
high-bred dignity and proud
slow sweet grace of speech and
has been handed down to them
erations, together with excep-
tionable of wisdom, and a very
high-bred dignity and proud
slow sweet grace of speech and
has been handed down to them

The most memorable occasion of
her social life was her recep-
tion of Duke Alexei for the city of New York.
Martha Washington party given for
the Duke Alexei for the city of New York.
Martha Washington party given for
the Duke Alexei for the city of New York.
Martha Washington party given for
the Duke Alexei for the city of New York.

On the same occasion Mrs. B.
Bettner, who was a true and
type of the character she assumed.
On the same occasion Mrs. B.
Bettner, who was a true and
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On the same occasion Mrs. B.
Bettner, who was a true and
type of the character she assumed.

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and intermediate points, or to Savannah, Ga.

On and after this date Passenger Trains will run daily, except those marked X, which are run on Sunday only.	
Leave Atlanta	Arrive Atlanta
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10:15 p.m.	10:15 p.m.
10:30 p.m.	10:30 p.m.
10:45 p.m.	10:45 p.m.

\$2 A YEAR
THE SUNDAY CONSTITUTION,
THE CHEAPEST PAPER
PUBLISHED.

VOL. XXI.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, 1889.

20 PAGES.
9 to 20.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, ETC.

KEELY CO.

Add Yet Fresh Attractions in
Reduced Goods!

FOR VARIOUS REASONS:
1st. Contractors clamor for room.
2d. "We must realize on Winter Stock."
3d. New Spring Goods are arriving.
We must make extraordinary efforts.
But what do you care for the reasons?

THE PEOPLE LOVE BARGAINS.
Keely Company

Will Furnish Them
DURING THE COMING WEEK

\$10.00.
KEELY COMPANY'S
Ten Dollar
Cloak Clearance

Will Electrify the Public.
Uniform Price,
Extraordinary Temptation

NEW MARKETS, RAGLANS AND WRAPS.
Choice of the Whole Stock,
\$10.00.

No trouble to buy a wrap now.
Come in and take your choice.
This superb offer includes \$4
High Grade Newmarkets, were
\$18.75 to \$27.50. Your choice
of lot, \$10.00, at

KEELY CO'S.
Over 1,200 Pieces of the Best Stand-
ard Calicoes, 5c yard at,

KEELY CO'S.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

Emboldened by Last Week's Success, Will
POSITIVELY PULVERIZE PRICES.
DURING THIS WEEK
ALL WINTER GOODS GO,
TO MAKE ROOM FOR
NEW SPRING GOODS ARRIVING

23 Vienna Raglans

Were \$16.50 to \$25.00. Take your
pick now for \$10.00.

61 Plush Coats and Jackets.

Satin Lined, Bell Sleeves, Best Lis-
ter Plush, were \$16.50 and \$18.
You can claim them at \$10.00
each. These are the gems of
our stock and placed at your
disposal for

\$10.00

N. B.—These goods will not go
begging at the figures named, and
to delay your call for them is to lose
the opportunity. One third the
price which you will be asked for
the same goods elsewhere.

\$4.75

Will buy choice of our American
made Newmarkets. Prices were
\$7.25, \$8.50 and \$10.00. All go
uniformly at \$4.75.

Great Hamburg Edging Sale

BEGINS MONDAY AT
KEELY CO'S

\$3.75

For the entire stock of Garments
which were \$5, \$6 and \$6.50.

Talk about bargains, HOW IS
THIS: 47 pieces double width Cash-
meres, 15c yard.

These goods are in all colors, and
are as staple as postage stamps
at 25c. But we must clear out the
Dress Goods.

All other Dress Goods reduced in
like manner to close.

Special for Monday

Dress goods remnants at 45 per
cent discount on Bargain Table.

KEELY CO'S

UNDERWEAR

will go now at nominal figures. After
a most remarkable patronage we
feel that the residue of the stock
can be cleared at figures which will
be to the purchaser

A WIND FALL

Just two weeks to close.

KEELY COMPANY.
KEELY COMPANY

opens on Monday 326 pieces Ham-
burg Edges at 5c; 611 pieces wide
embroideries 10c; 428 pieces beau-
tiful Edging 15c.

KEELY COMPANY'S
HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

Bargains on every table. Rem-
nants 2 1/2c to 7c yard.

TURKEY TABLE DAMASKS

prices were 60c to 85c per yard

THEY GO THIS WEEK

uniformly at 37 1/2c yard for
choice.

The Largest Lot of

TORCHON LACES

ever brought south will be ready for
you

ON MONDAY.

More than 1,000 pieces bought
at a bargain will be put on sale at
figures which will astonish you.

One large lot of Torchon Edges
5c yard, worth 12 1/2c. 7 1/2c yard
for Edges, worth 15c anywhere, and
at 10c KEELY COMPANY will
display on Monday 624 pieces Tor-
chon Edges and Insertings, which
would be cheap at 20c on the other
side.

12 cases Checked Nainsook 4 1/2c
yard.

KEELY CO'S

Keely's and
Embroideries

Are synonymous terms. Keely
Company's Specialty for the

COMING SEASON

WILL BE

EMBROIDERIES!

The largest import orders ever
given in Atlanta for Embroideries
were placed by Keely Company last
September. They control

Exclusive Patterns.

They have the prettiest Embroid-
eries. They will carry the daintiest
designs. They will show the large-
est stock. They will offer you the
most Superb Stock of Embroideries
in the Southern States.

Keely Company's Embroideries

are under the same management as
for the past 10 years, and you will
be served with the same grace and
talent as heretofore.

KEELY CO.

Sell the best Calicoes made at 5c.
yard. Choice of the lot Monday.

The Logic of Bargains

—IS—
IRRESISTIBLE.

Every Item in KEELY CO'S
Stock a BONA FIDE BAR-
GAIN for the NEXT TWO
WEEKS.

DRESS GOODS,
CLOAKS and
UNDERWEAR

At Your Own Figures

For Next Two Weeks at

KEELY CO'S

THE BEST STOCK

Hamburg Edges,

Multi Embroideries,

Linon D'Inde Embroideries,

Flouncings,
Skirtings,

All-Overs,
Apron Sets,

Baby Sets

In the state of Georgia, to be found
at Keely Company's.

SPECIAL DRIVE

Hamburg Edgings for This Week

5c. 10c.
12 1-2c. 15c.

Jobs comprising 312 pieces, no two
alike. Goods that cannot be
matched elsewhere, only to be had
at Keely Co's.

Great Hamburg Edging Sale be-
gins Monday at

Keely Company's.

MYSTERY OF HALLOWAY BEND

FOURTH, Ga., January 19.—[Special.]—
About eight miles from Forsyth on the road
that leads from that place to the village of
C—, is a curve commonly known as Hallo-
way bend. This place has borne its name so
long that the oldest inhabitants of the county
know not from whence it derived the name or
who gave it. A traveler, approaching by the
village of C—, will notice as he winds the
bend that it passes in front and around to the
left of an old and dilapidated house. This
was once the home of Billy Divine, or, as the
neighbors called him, "Billy the Fiddler."
And, by the way, there is quite a touch of
romance in the life of Will Divine, his love
and his father's son afterwards placed him
in raven locks upon his broad forehead and youth
gave elasticity to his step and grace to his car-
riage.

On one occasion I enjoyed the hospitality of
a family residing in the neighborhood of Hallo-
way bend, and there I heard related by Mrs.
L—, a lady who is now past seventy-five
years of age, the history of this old house
and its last occupant. In ante-bellum
days the Divines were a family of
considerable wealth and large farming
interests. Will Divine was an only child. His
mother died when he was three years of age,
and his father soon afterwards placed him
under the care of his aunt, who, with her hus-
band and an adopted daughter, lived about six
miles from the Divine home, and in the house
at Holloway bend. The war broke out, and
the elder Divine, leaving his farming interests
in the hands of his brother, joined the first
volunteer company that left the state, and was
later killed at the mine explosion near Peters-
burg. This left the boy an orphan and heir to
his father's estate, which had been consider-
ably reduced by the war, the slaves and other
property being finally taken from him by the
result of southern defeat. The boy still re-
mained in the charge of his aunt, and his uncle,
who was now his guardian, gave him all the
advantages that the neighboring schools afford-
ed, and was often heard to remark that he
hoped to lay up a sufficiency from the income
of his ward's estate by the time he attained
the proper age to place him in a university.

The boy and the girl, who had been adopted
into the family of his uncle, were about the
same age and began school together. They
attended the same little school-house on
the hill, recited the same lessons, and were at
recess inseparable. And as they grew older,
and were well advanced in their teens, it be-
came whispered about in the neighborhood
that more than a friendship existed between
the two. Together they gathered wild flowers,
read books, and attended the old bench church
in the grove.

It is beautiful in summer in the meadows
around Holloway bend, when the sun brings
out the delicious aromatic perfume of the
pines and the birds sing, and the corn-fields
near by. As free as the insects that filled the
air with their buzz of contentment, these two
meadows and over the hills that lay around
their home. She was tall and very fair, and
with eyes like a southern summer sun—warm,
kind and true—eyes that breathed love and
embraced the object of their admiration. He
lived in their light and saw them in his
dreams. When they were walking together
through the fields and woods he used to sing a
song for him; 'twas one she liked and
one that met his fancy, and he used to play it

on his fiddle at evening.
The lands of the Divine estate did not yield
as they were expected to; and, finding that
his uncle was unable to assist him, Will Di-
vine gave up the idea of attending the uni-
versity, and began farming with his uncle.
It was generally known that he would, on his
21st birthday make his adopted cousin his
bride. With anxious impatience he awaited
the day, which as he was often heard to ex-
press it, "should be the fairest of his life, a
day which no cloud could darken." But
Providence, whose hand no human agency
can guide, both blessed and cursed him with
that day. When it came it found the fair
form and features of Will Divine's cousin
wasted and devoted by a fever. The physi-
cians said she could not recover. With a
determination as persistent as his love for
the girl was passionate, he pressed the events
of that fateful day. A neighboring minister
was called in, and on her death-bed Louise
D— became the wife of Will Divine.

"Will you love, cherish and obey him?"
"I will," were the last words that fell from
the lips that already felt death's cold embrace.
Her soul went out into the twilight. And the
summer of Will Divine's life was merged into
winter. His grief was intense. He pressed
the cold, lifeless form to his bosom and pas-
sionately kissed the line of her who had so lately
been made his wife. And, with anguish inex-
pressible, he looked into those eyes whose
light death had extinguished, and the world
grew dark to him.

The look of despair that covered his face was
pitiable; and turning from the bed whereon
she lay, he left her; he was three years of age,
the last time. She was buried in the church-
yard, near by, the next evening, and large was
the gathering at the funeral. The stone above
her grave bears this inscription:

"MY ANGEL BRIDE."

The uncle and aunt soon followed their
adopted daughter, and Will Divine was left
alone with his grief. He continued to live in
the old house at Holloway bend. All day long
he lived no one knew. He was rarely ever seen
except around the old house and in the church-
yard. He would at all times avoid conversa-
tion with a stranger, and had but few words
for those of the neighbors who had known him
from his childhood. He seemed to find com-
panionship with silence and to live in his
play. On it almost incessantly the song she
sang to him when they strolled together through
fields and groves. The window of his room
looked out upon the churchyard, and there he
sat, hour by hour each day, and gazed at the
white marble that rested above his "Angel
Bride." He once said to an old acquaintance
in his, who had stepped at the well for a drink
of water, that when he played the
song on his violin she appeared before
him, stood motionless and silent until the song
was ended, and then disappeared.

Although but little more than thirty years
of age, the hair of Will Divine—or, as he was
now commonly called, Bill the Fiddler—being
in long, jagged, uneven, white locks about his
neck and shoulders, and his features looked
wrinkled and old.

One day at a meeting at the old church it
became generally talked among the knots of
people that gathered around before the services
were begun that no one had seen him at the
window or about the place for several days
past. Three men went over to the house and
called for him, but no response came from
within. They decided to enter. The first
room revealed nothing. They called again.
No answer.

Two of the men ascended the stairs that
led to the garret; they opened the door that
led to the only room in this part of
the house. On the floor in one
corner lay the body of Bill the Fiddler, and
in another the old violin that had been his only
companion since death brought on his grief.
By the side of him on the floor was written, as

if with the end of a burnt stick, these words:
"Leave me alone to go down into
dark wrapped in the ruin of this old home into
the men returned to the church and reported
what they had seen. Those among the people
who were curious visited the house and look-
ed into the garret-room with its dead occupant,
but none seemed to feel sufficient interest in
the matter to take any steps toward having the
body interred; and so the grave of Bill the
Fiddler is in the old house at Holloway bend.

About nine months afterwards, and before
I had heard of the death of the girl, an ex-
traordinary circumstance surrounding it I had
occasion to visit the village of C— to attend to
some matters of importance. I would have re-
mained in the village during the night, as I
was plainly evident from the gathering clouds
that a storm was brewing, but an engagement
with a gentleman of the village, in a different
portion of the state demanded my presence at
home the next morning, and I determined to
take the chances, and if needs be, weather the
storm in the village during the night. So, sad-
dling my horse, I started on my journey.

When about three miles from C— I found that
I was in for it. Ragged streaks of lightning
played about me, the thunder pealed in my
ears and the rain fell in torrents. I would glad-
ly have taken shelter in some house, but I could
not find one. The road was very familiar
with the country around. I knew not the pri-
vate ways that led to them. I remembered
the old house at Holloway bend, as it stood
almost on the road, and determined to share
its shelter with its eccentric occupant.

As I rode up I saw a light in the house. I
could see it but dimly as the rain was falling
heavily and the night was very dark. Dis-
mounting, I removed the saddle, placed it in
the half tumbled porch, and tied my horse to
an old stake that stood near by. I entered
the door which had fallen from its hinges and
was evidently rotten from age as I felt it
crumble beneath my feet as I walked on it.

I pressed my back against the door and
pushed forward until I felt the facing of the
door. I knocked, but no response came. By
the flashing of lightning I could see down the
hallway and the light was very dim. The door
was closed. I knocked again, but with the same
result. So feeling, I found a latch, lifted it
and entered. The room was dark, as dark as
the world outside. No light, no fire. The light-
ning danced on the window panes, and I was sure it was the win-
dow from which I had seen the light. My first
impulse was to feel for some matches, but I
had but little hope of securing a light from
them, as my clothes had become thoroughly
wet by the rain. After several attempts, how-
ever, my efforts were rewarded, and, securing
some splinters from the floor and walls, I
started a fire among the mass of bricks that
had tumbled from the falling chimney into the
fireplace. The portions of the door in the hall
that were not entirely rotten were added, and
soon I was standing before a good warm fire.

I concluded then to visit the other rooms of
the house and find the occupant. Securing a
light from the fireplace, I entered door after
door, but all was silent and empty within. I
did not go up stairs, but returning to the
first room, I piled some bricks up and seated
myself upon them by the fire. I concluded,
that I was the only one in the house, and that
the fiddler had left it. The rains had almost
ceased to fall outside, the lightning I could
no longer see flashing at the window, and the
thunders were almost hushed in the distance.
When suddenly I heard overhead a sound as
of some one tuning a violin. I listened, and
could hear it distinctly. "That's that old Bill,"
I said, "and I will go up and tell him that I
have sought shelter in his house, and hear him
play the air of the song that his sweetest used to
sing for him." Again I took a light from the
fire place, entered the hall, ascended the
stairs and knocked at the door. There was no
answer, and I could see no light coming from
the crack under the door. I knocked again
and still no answer. I questioned whether
I should enter without a welcome

from within, but after repeated attempts
and a failure to receive any response, I
determined to open the door. I pressed the
latch and pushed forward.

The light was suddenly extinguished in my
hand, the breath of a charcoal house pressed
heavy in my face, almost smothering me, and
the violin was silent. I could see nothing.
All round me was utter darkness. I stumbled
backward, bruising my head against the door-
frame, and then, with a terrible effort, I
that came from the room and quickly, I know
not how, I descended the stairs and entered the
room with the fire in it. I seated myself on
the bricks. A peculiar sensation pervaded my
whole being and a strange, tiresome sickness
was on me. The story of Will Divine, his love
and his obscure life, together with every im-
aginative fancy that I could connect with my
all but pleasant surroundings, stole through my
brain. Altogether miserable, I resolved to
leave the place. During the cessations of the
wind I could hear that awful "tome"
of the violin, that sounded like a
sigh in the night. I endeavored to shake
off the strange feeling that had taken hold of
me, and musing myself I determined
to visit again the room from whence came the
sinking odor.

Securing a light I ascended the stairs, but
more slowly than before. The lightning and
thunder began again, and it seemed as if the
scattered remnants of the storm clouds were
passing over. One by one I pressed the steps
and reached the top. My light was again
extinguished. The door I had left open and
the same odor was coming from the room, but
not so strong as before. I scarcely dared to
turn backward. The lightning flashed twice
in rapid succession, and I beheld with horror
in one corner of the room a skeleton in the
garb of a man, and in another an old violin. I
saw no more; I cared to see no more. But
turning about instantly I left the room, took
my saddle across my arm, mounted my horse,
and rode off rapidly.

When about a hundred yards from the
house I looked back and saw a plainly
discernible, and standing in
the door a man with a candle in
his hand, holding it up above even with his
head. With my back to the house, and spur
in the horse's side, I placed distance between
me and this strange sight. I arrived at For-
syth about an hour and a half later, and in
the morning related my night's experience to
many of my friends, some of whom were given
to doubt, while others tried to explain away
the mystery.

I have visited the locality several times
since, and while in conversation with the
negroes that live about the place I have
heard many strange stories told concerning
the old house and the things seen there, one
of which I give. It is said that at
midnight, about the year 1840, a man in
the garb of a man, and in another an old violin.
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OPERA HOUSE

Tuesday Evening, January 22.

Campanini,

Campanini,

Campanini.

His first and only appearance in the south.

Embrace the opportunity of hearing the

GREATEST LIVING TENOR

And a grand array of talent, including Miss
Russell, Sig. Bologna, Sig. Ferrari and the
most brilliant songstress of the day, Signorina

D'VERE,

D'VERE,

D'VERE,

D'VERE.



FAUST!

SUPERB NEW COSTUMES.

NO INCREASE OF PRICES.

SEATS NOW ON SALE AT MILLER'S.

One Night Only, Thursday, January 24.

THE MENDELSSOHN
QUINTETTE CLUB,

—OF BOSTON—
And the Ladies

POLYMNIA CLUB,

—OF ATLANTA—
Under the direction of Signor Alfredo Barilli, will
appear in a

GRAND CONCERT!

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.
A peculiar feature of the Boston club this season
is that Mr. Ryan, desirous of engineering, if possi-
ble, his great reputation, went to Europe and selected
to associate with him, all artists of the finest ex-
ecution, so as to present a new programme with
the highest degree of perfection obtainable. No in-
crease of prices; reserved seats, Miller's.

Friday night, January 24, and Saturday matinee,
January 25, only, the great emotional actress

CLARA MORRIS,

In the greatest of her many successes.

Renee de Moray,

(THE MARYR)

Supported by
FREDERIC D'BELLVILLE

And a first-class dramatic company.
Prices: Admission \$1, reserved 50c extra. Balcony
admission 75c, reserved 50c extra. Children 50c.
Box seats reserved 50c extra.

IN AND ABOUT

IN AND ABOUT
NEWS OF INTER.

The Council Finance Committee Reports—The Council's Appropriations—The Council's New Features.

The finance committee held three meetings. The annual apportionment passed.

The meetings, like the others, were with closed doors. Secrecy was exchanged. Messrs. Innes, Hannibal

was present.

Notwithstanding the members of the committee that the balance also materially from the balance.

The police fund was in '88.

The sewers will have the waterworks will get the streets will get a

1888.

The trouble in the corner he called—arose from the wanted for the police department was to get, and the more the police would be the amount left.

It is believed that the necessity of increasing the but at least a majority of \$100,000 to that branch of the sum given is considered and it is considerably larger.

In addition to the usual special appointments of The committee consists of a liberal subscription of the indications are that set aside for a hospital.

Then the street was a movement for a survey for water suggestion made by Mayor

SETTLED
The Evening Capitol S
Co
The funeral is over

The dead Capital has been
acorne.
Yesterday morning the
ter-injuncts, bills and
ing of damage suits, and
f the Evening Capitol,
before Judge Marshall J.
Their name was legion.
Fifteen or sixteen suits
were tangled up in the
to keep the courts warm.
But yesterday the parties
the suits were through
ough discussion of all the
careful consideration of the
amiable settlement was
satisfactory to Mr. John
of the mortgage, and the
Mr. C. S. Atwood was
and he said:

[illegible]

young.

DR. HAWTHORNE

While Not Announced

Understands

While Dr. J. B. Hawthorne resigned his pastorate, it is thought he will do so.

His acceptance of the pastorate of the University of Alabama seems to be without doubt on that question.

Mr. Andrew Stewart, who was the First church, said yesterday "Dr. Hawthorne has been giving whatever to the church or to the cause. Should he do so, as is the custom of the church will appoint a committee to then the matter will be open to them."

Dr. Hawthorne is very

"He is not!" "Very much so, indeed," said he in a great presence of mind before he was called we were pre-occupied, \$2,500 per annum out of paying Mr. Hawthorne's salary I believed that it was a treasurer. "I was discussing the matter," he said that if I would get among the men-I had no doubt did so, and I was surprised never failed to pay me every month since he came trouble whatever in raising anything, which he first thought they were just as well as the big congregations wouldn't have heart every sermon till except when I was sick, and one that was not interesting." "Who will be his successor?" "That is hard to tell. Of course the contingency has been discussed by two members of our congregation whose names mentioned are Dr. R. E. Wharton, of Montgomery, D.C., who I hope we will see here, and Dr. Kerfoot. There is one able preacher teaching at this time church. We will not let other."

"Dr. Hawthorne seems to be here here, and he is very good. Among other things that he says, 'God loves him.' He cannot be a mere good chief, but he is a real man. If it is kept up without any more makes a point of that there is a church that does not

He Was Sent
Fred Bush, of the Louisville
yesterday received a circular
that F. G. Road, the California
been convicted.
Road had Georgia negroes
some of the evidence against
from Atlanta. Several months
sent out from San Francisco, Cal.
the exclusion of the Chinese,
and about San Francisco, where
enough for 10,000 colored labor
states: Atlanta, Georgia, Ala-
and Tennessee. It also
land owners of the state
to an agreement with
whereby colored laborers
to the Land and Labor company
with a through ticket for \$2.00
would be sent by return train
children under fifteen years
passage.
It is not known how many
scattered through the above
the Southern Pacific being
police. After an investigation
Road to Road, who was
was found 60,000 copies of the
letters, showing that he
was convicted and sentenced
prisonment.

Probably Fatal
COLUMBUS, Ga., January
Mrs. Rilla Sharpe, of Brownsville
burned this afternoon. Her e-
white she was sitting in her
feared that she will not recover.

IN AND ABOUT ATLANTA.

NEWS OF INTEREST GATHERED BY REPORTERS.

The Council Finance Committee held three meetings yesterday and decided upon a schedule of appropriations. The Police to be increased at the expense of Some Other Departments—Some New Features.

The finance committee of the general council held three meetings yesterday.

The annual appropriations was the subject discussed.

The meetings, like the one of Thursday morning, were with closed doors, and the same pledges of secrecy were exchanged. The entire committee, Messrs. Inman, Humpal, Haas, Moran and Hirsch, was present.

Notwithstanding the secrecy maintained by the members of the committee, it is generally believed that the balance sheet, when presented, will vary materially from the balance sheet of 1888.

The police fund will be much larger than it was in '88.

The sewers will have less than last year.

The waterworks will be smaller.

The streets will get a smaller amount than in 1888.

The trouble in the committee—if trouble it may be called—arose from the large appropriation wanted for the police department.

Each department wanted as many dollars as it could get, and the more the police received the smaller would be the amount for the other committees.

It is believed that the entire committee saw the necessity of increasing the sum for police purposes, but at least a majority was unwilling to give up \$100,000 to that branch of the city.

The sum given is considerably less than \$100,000 and it is considerably larger than last year.

In addition to the usual appropriations several special appropriations were made.

The committee considered Mr. Elson's offer of a liberal subscription toward a hospital and the indications are that a neat sum will be set aside for a hospital.

Then the subject will contain a special appropriation for a survey for waterworks, carrying out the suggestion made by Mayor Glenn in his inaugural address.

SETTLED AT LAST.

The Evening Capital Suits Withdrawn From Court.

The funeral is over.

The dead Capital has buried its dead, and all is serene.

Yesterday morning the various injunctions counter-injunctions, bills and cross-bills, with a reasoning of damage suits, growing out of the suspension of the Evening Capital, were to have been heard before Judge Marshall L. Clarke in chambers.

Their names were legion.

Fifteen or sixteen past, present and future suits were tangled up in the litigation, and it bade fair to keep the courts busy for many months to come.

But yesterday the parties interested got together, the suits were thrown together, and after a thorough discussion of all the merits in the case, and a careful consideration of the interests involved, an amicable settlement was made, on terms that were satisfactory to Mr. John R. Wilkinson, the holder of the mortgage, and the various creditors.

Mr. C. S. Atwood was seen yesterday afternoon, and he said:

"The matter is all settled at last, and I am glad it is over. All the creditors interested in the suit against Thomas L. Bishop, assignee, in which John R. Wilkinson was interested, were benefited, and each received a share of the cash, the balance that remained being applied to the liquidation of the mortgage held by Wilkinson. This, what I promised to do, and I have done it."

He said that the matter was settled, and that the suits and all other suits were now closed, and that he was able to leave the city, and that he was going to the city of New York.

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FROM OUR NOTEBOOKS.

Olds and Ends Gathered by the Constitution Reporters.

Told and the 'Possum.—Last evening after the performance as Lotta was going to her hotel she met Jay Bird with a 'possum. This is Big Jay, of newspaper fame. Jay was holding the 'possum by the loose skin at the back of its neck and the 'possum's general appearance attracted the attention, and aroused the pity of the kind-hearted little woman.

"Don't choke that poor thing!" she pleaded. "Turn him loose and I'll give you a dollar."

"What makes you want me to turn him loose?" demanded Jay.

"Oh, I just want to see him run. Turn him loose and I'll give you a dollar for him."

"Oh, yes," said Jay Bird.

Then he walked down Marietta a hundred yards or so and sold the 'possum for thirty cents.

A New Digest.—Judge Howard Van Epps will soon have completed a digest of the last twenty volumes of Georgia Reports, full, thorough and exhaustive, in which not only the points decided, but the principles recognized by the judges, are set forth. It is accurately indexed, is a volume of 800 pages, and has been a necessity clamored for by the judiciary and bar of the state for some time, as much of the law has been changed in that time, and much of the law in force now has been adjudicated in these last twenty reports.

Judge Van Epps follows Captain Harry Jackson, who compiled the digest from 1 to 40, and Hon. N. E. Harris, of Macon, who compiled the digest from 41 to 61. His work extends from 62 to 81, and the index of the 78th is completed and the 79th will soon be ready. The 80th will be ready in ninety days, in ample time to be submitted to the next session of the legislature.

The Ladder Dropped Over.—Frank Owens, a paper hanger, was quite seriously hurt yesterday afternoon. While working upon a ladder in a room on the second floor of S. T. Howard's residence on Marietta street, the ladder tipped over and he was thrown against the window. His weight and the force of the fall broke the glass and sash and the paper hanger was thrown to the pavement, a dislocated shoulder and several teeth were knocked out.

Collector Boynton Goes Out.—Monday Mr. Boynton who has been winding up the business of the tax collector's office, will go out.

He has gotten up all the list, and turned them over to the Collector Stewart, who will hold them for a few days to give delinquents a chance to settle up without additional cost. All who do not come forward and settle immediately will have to settle with the sheriff, in whose hands they will be placed for collection.

It is a peculiar thing that in Oak Grove district every negro who returned his taxes has paid up, and many of the whites have not. As a general thing the negroes who return taxes are honest, and the whites. Some of the largest taxpayers in the county, who have plenty of money in the bank, have not paid.

The Veterans' Fair.—Judge Calhoun will make his final report on the result of the Veterans' fair Monday. In that connection, it is but proper to state, that the newspaper venture was a long day, and connected with the fair, and the fair did not lose a cent in it for the very good reason that it might interest in it, beyond a friendly hope that it might succeed and compensate the enterprising gentlemen who got it up for their trouble and expense.

Atlanta's Quiet Sunday.—"Almost dead to see Sunday come," said a policeman yesterday, as he stood on the corner of Alabama and Whitehall and watched the crowd roll by and flow.

"Why so?"

"Because it is so lonely. All this crowd that you see here now will have disappeared, and only during the hours of going to or returning from church will you be able to see anybody on Whitehall or Alabama street, except the few who are going to get to be terribly lonesome, after being used to the crowd all the week."

The Hire of Convicts.—Mr. Shubrick said yesterday: "Alabama gets \$74,000 a year from the hire of her convicts and the cost her \$140,000 a year. It costs Massachusetts about \$102,000 over and above her income from prisoners to support them. Georgia gets \$25,000 for the hire of her convicts and \$15,000 of it goes into the treasury, the balance to the payment of salaries of officers of the penitentiary."

A Fly Town.—Two drummers were talking at the Kimball last night. One of them said: "I come to Atlanta a few times, and I hear they find it lively. People walk faster, talk faster, wear faster than in any other southern town, which seem dead towns compared to this. It never seems to be fly time here."

"That," said the other, "is because it's a fly town."

Hotel Sobering.—Is the custom house haunted? It seems so.

It is said that for several nights past, about one hour after midnight, when all is still and quiet in the upper corridors, an aged and sheeted knock-knocker steals through those silent halls, and knocking on each particular door, whispers in deep sepulchral tones:

"Boys, beware the Ides of March!"

And then, as the wind blows through his white whiskers, he trips across the street and vanishes into the rear stage entrance of the opera house.

A Receiver Asked For.

A bill was filed asking a receiver for Shofar & Co., plumbers, yesterday. Mr. Shofar, the head of the firm, is an industrious and energetic young business man, and feels confident that he will be able to pay his creditors.

The Popular Approval.

Of the efforts of the Company to Syrup Company to present to the public an agreeable and effective substitute for the bitter, nauseous and mercurial cathartics formerly used is as gratifying to the Company as it is creditable to the good taste of the public. The large and rapidly increasing sale of Syrup of Figs, and the promptly beneficial effects of a single dose, are convincing proofs that it is the most agreeable and the most pleasantly effective remedy known. For sale by all druggists.

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A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

A HENRY COUNTY FARMER AND A THOMPSON STREET BELLE.

A Country Youth Finds a Woman Who Tells a Sad Story and He Feels Sorry Enough For Her to Offer Her His Hand in Marriage. A Constitution Reporter Was Sent Man and Describes the Marriage. The Preacher Receives a Fee of Ninety Cents.

"Blime! Blime!"

"Come out there!"

"Police! Police! Police!"

It didn't sound much like a wedding march, but that's about what it was.

The rocks rattled against the windows and sides of the house like hailstones.

"Look out! Here comes de cops!"

The crowd outside ran off.

"Well, I'll tell you," explained the young man on the inside, "Mr. 'Daisy' has just been talking it over and we've made up our minds to get married—that is—we want to."

He was embarrassed.

"I got the license."

The prospective bride sat beside the young man, her hand in his.

"We want a preacher," she explained.

"Yes, sir," said the young man, "we want a preacher."

It was all arranged, finally, and the young man stepped into the next room while the bride "fixed herself."

"That there's a good girl," remarked the young man confidentially, as the door closed behind him, "I came up here Monday with some cotton to sell, and I happened to meet her. She was a tellin' me her brother was dead, and how unfortunate she was, and how sorry she was. That there's a good girl—an I felt sorry for her. I asked her if she would marry me and she said 'yes.' My name is Samuel Deak James. I live in Henry county, down here by Stockbridge, and her name is Miss Daisy King. So this evenin' I came back here and she was still in the notion. I went down and got the license."

"All right," announced the bride.

The procession was formed and the march taken up for the preacher. The reverend gentleman was at home and the party waited in the hall until he was ready.

The lengthy bridegroom was sitting directly under the gas jet. He is about three inches taller than he should have been—under the circumstances—and as he raised his feet he lifted the globe.

The preacher picked up what was left of the globe.

"I thought—thought—"

"Oh, that's all right!" smiled the preacher reassuringly.

The couple stood up while the preacher examined the license.

The groom is a young man, twenty-two or twenty-three, apparently, light hair, light mustache and light blue eyes. He had made no special preparation in the way of a toilet, and to all appearances he was an unfortunate fellow. He had a grief at heart.

The bride wore low slippers tied with white cloth strings. She was dressed in yellow satin and wore a thick veil.

Five minutes later they were man and wife and the preacher was making a ringing declaration.

"Doctor—er—excuse me calling you doctor."

"Oh, that's what they call me."

"Yes, sir, Yes, sir, Doctor, how much do I owe you?"

The preacher was becoming embarrassed.

"Oh, just what you wish to give. Two dollars and a half, five dollars."

The young man shoved his hand into one pocket and then jerked it out, then showed it into another pocket, and another, and another.

Then he gave over.

Not a word was spoken.

The young man started through his pockets for that time.

He found it at last.

"Oh, that's that much—"

And he hadn't.

"Will you let me off with that much, doctor?"

The groom was making a ringing declaration.

"Well, sir," remarked the groom, seriously as he told the tale behind him, "that there preacher told me that I had in the world, blame it if he didn't."

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RAGGED REMINISCENCES

The Story of Poor Rose and My First Pair of Boots.

Street are the memories of childhood. No matter if that childhood were clouded with disappointments, memory bleaches the shadows and burnishes the sunbeams, and the farther away we get from it the brighter grows the picture.

Once grandpa gave me a little frosty-skinned calf that I loved as I loved myself. Because her coat was of a beautiful pink and white color, and her tapering horns were ivory white, tipped with carmine, I called her "Rose."

Oh, what a treasure that calf was. I used to watch her feeding with other calves, and she seemed to be the daintiest of the herd.

They looked up fennels, weeds and all in a gross and greedy fashion, while Rose only nibbled the tenderest bits of green grass that grew among the violets and buttercups.

Among the coveted treasures of my boyish dreams was a pair of boots with red tops and shiny leathers on them. The hope of possessing these haunted my dreams by night and troubled my thoughts by day.

But I could never secure enough cash on one time to purchase them, and I just went on plotting and planning, hoping and anticipating as the years rolled by.

Every Christmas I hoped to get a pair of boots for a present; every birthday I looked with eagerness for some good friend to bring me a pair of boots.

Someone so deeply imbued with the hope of getting for this one possession that all my plans were centered on that idea. All the time I was a child I was waiting for a pair of boots to come.

One winter evening, when the wind blew sharp and shrill and a raw mist hung over the hills, I heard a low "moo" from the gate, and going out there I found Rose, shivering in the lane, and staggering around her was a little gray calf, just as near like Rose as it was possible for a calf to be like its mother.

Oh, how proud I was! The big gate was flung wide open, and Rose was snorting and snuffing a big load of hay, and an armful of nubbins at her disposal, and the little old wobbly calf was curled up in a corner sleeping like a kitten on a rug.

I was proud and happy. I went to look at prints of Napoleon in the boots, and I thought if I only had the calf he might keep the farm all to himself.

One winter evening, when the wind blew sharp and shrill and a raw mist hung over the hills, I heard a low "moo" from the gate, and going out there I found Rose, shivering in the lane, and staggering around her was a little gray calf, just as near like Rose as it was possible for a calf to be like its mother.

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One winter evening, when the wind blew sharp and shrill and a raw mist hung over the hills, I heard a low "moo" from the gate, and going out there I found Rose, shivering in the lane, and staggering around her was a little gray calf, just as near like Rose as it was possible for a calf to be like its mother.

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CHURCH CHIMES.

SERVICES TODAY IN THE VARIOUS TEMPLES.

PRESBYTERIAN.

First Presbyterian church, Marietta street—Rev. E. H. Barnett, D. D., pastor. There will be divine services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Young men's prayer meeting Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Marietta street mission Sunday school of the First Presbyterian church will meet just to the right and opposite the old Exposition hotel on Marietta street, at 9:30 a. m. There will be preaching at 11 a. m. by Rev. E. H. Barnett, D. D. All invited.

Second Presbyterian church, Washington street—Rev. G. B. Strickland, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Professor W. W. Lupton, superintendent. There will be a delightful music in church and singing at 11 a. m. Regular prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Young men's prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Rankin Chapel, corner Martin and Glenn streets—Rev. D. S. Helmer in charge. Preaching Sunday night at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Dr. J. W. Rankin, superintendent. A cordial invitation to all.

Wallace chapel, 190 W. Fair street—Dr. E. Helmer in charge. Preaching at 11 a. m. Sunday school Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. Dr. E. Helmer, superintendent. Gospel meeting at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Prayer meeting and Bible study Wednesday night at 7:30 p. m. Ladies meeting Thursday afternoon 3:30. Everybody cordially welcome.

West End Presbyterian church, corner Oak and Ashby streets—Rev. N. B. Mathis, supply. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. by Rev. E. H. Barnett, D. D. Communion service at 11 a. m. by Rev. N. B. Mathis. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. N. B. Mathis. Ladies meeting Thursday afternoon 3:30. Everybody cordially welcome.

Fourth Presbyterian church—Rev. T. P. Cleveland, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. by Rev. T. P. Cleveland. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. T. P. Cleveland. A cordial invitation to all to attend.

First Baptist church, corner Forsyth and Washington streets—Rev. J. B. Harrison, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. by Rev. J. B. Harrison. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. J. B. Harrison. A cordial invitation to all to attend.

Church of Our Father, on Church street, near junction of Peachtree and Forsyth streets—Rev. George Leonard Chaney will preach at 11 a. m. on "The Cross and the Crucifixion." Public class at 10 a. m. Rev. T. M. Harris, teacher. You are cordially invited to attend.

Church of Christ, on Hunter street—Rev. T. M. Harris, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. by Rev. T. M. Harris. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. T. M. Harris. A cordial invitation to all to attend.

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FETZER & PHARR,
12 Whitehall Street.Grand Semi-Annual 25 Per Cent
DISCOUNT SALE!

Is drawing immense crowds! The greatest success of all our popular discount sales.

NO OLD GOODS!
EVERYTHING FRESH!

Remember, we don't ask you to take old and undesirable goods at reduced prices, and ask you regular prices for new and better goods but we give you entire choice of our magnificent stock, (some of it new, just received this week) all at 25 per cent off regular prices.

\$22.50 Buys a suit worth \$30.00.

\$18.75 Buys a suit worth \$25.00.

\$16.88 Buys a suit worth \$22.50.

And so on down the line, making a grand display of magnetic bargains.

ONE PRICE: All goods marked in plain figures. You take off the discount and you have the whole story.

This week will be a grand week for bargains at our store.

See if it doesn't!

FETZER & PHARR,
Clothiers, 12 Whitehall Street.

ATLANTA CITY BREWING CO.

BREWERS OF
THE FINEST BEER!

On and after January 1, 1889, the Atlanta City Brewing Company takes charge of their bottling department, heretofore managed by the Southern Bottling Company, Aug. F. H. Proprietor. We beg leave to inform the public that with increased facilities, we are prepared to supply the demand for the justly celebrated lager beer brewed by our company from the best Canadian malt, choice Bohemian, Bavarian and California hops, free to all for inspection at our brewery, corner Harris street and Courtland avenue.

We Solicit the Patronage of the Trade
THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH.SENT FREE
FURNITUREFOLDING BEDS!
25 VARIETIES.SHARP & OUDERKIRK,
1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11 E. Hunter St.FOLDING BEDS!
AT FACTORY PRICES.

SHARP & O

THE DRAMATIC WORLD.

NEWS OF INTEREST ABOUT PEOPLE OF THE STAGE.

The Feature in the New York Stage News During the Coming Week Will be Mrs. Langtry's Portrayal of the Character of Lady Macbeth—The Constitution's Special Correspondent Expresses Some Views Upon This and Other Stage Matters Stage News From This End of the Line.

Special correspondence the Constitution.
New York, January 19.—Next week we have the fair Lily as Lady Macbeth. It will be made a great special event, and the papers will be full of talk about Mrs. Langtry for some time to come.

In the minds of nine-tenths of the newspaper readers this will be regarded as an effort to take the wind out of Mrs. Potter's sails, but I know that the relations of Mrs. Langtry to Mrs. Potter are the friendliest possible, and that any statements to the contrary are not based on fact. One of the first to congratulate Mrs. Potter upon the supposed success of her production of "Anthony and Cleopatra" was Mrs. Langtry, and the two women seem to be quite friendly.

Some of the young men to whom are entrusted the dramatic columns of the daily papers have gone about the way they answer at Mrs. Langtry. Let me say just one word on this subject, and that is: The Lily will teach them a thing or two. If there is any woman on the stage who has demonstrated the possession of good "horse" sense, that woman is Mrs. Langtry. She may be no great actress—even her most devoted admirers admit that; but she is a woman of infinite tact, and she is not going to undertake anything in which she can't make a success.

You may rest assured that her Lady Macbeth will be as far superior to Mrs. Potter's Cleopatra as the death scene in "As in a Looking-Glass" is to anything Mrs. Potter has ever done.

So look out for the Lily.

Don't think me daft on the subject of Julia Marlowe, but there is a young lady to keep your eyes upon.

She has just finished a phenomenal engagement in Philadelphia, and the Quaker city was simply captured by the charm of her genius.

For it is genius.

And she is the first young woman in some years who has shown in the general article—She was in Philadelphia for three weeks, closing last Saturday night. The boxoffice figures show that she opened the first Monday night to a \$69 house, but made such an impression that it was only a few days when the "standing room only" sign was flung to the breeze. The last two weeks were played to crowded houses, the receipts of the last night footing up \$1,465, and of the last week \$8,177.

That's the right sort of a tribute to genius.

William Russell now leads the war against lights.

"Ye Gods!" I hear you say.

But don't swear. The fair Lilian who has filled so many pairs of tights to the intense satisfaction of her many admirers, does draw the line on tights, but she does it, she says, purely from a sanitary point of view.

She's no more modest than she used to be.

All this was brought to light by the proceedings in the suit Manager Duff has brought to prevent her appearance on the Casino stage on Monday night. Duff—who, by the way, aspired to a position on her staff of husbands—has an agreement with her until April. Mr. Aronson also has a contract which calls for her appearance as Princess Ethelka in "Nadly." Mr. Aronson's contract with Miss Russell does not go into effect until the expiration of the Duff contract, but the "Nadly" engagement is a special engagement.

Miss Russell fights Mr. Duff's suit on the grounds that she will not wear tights in the winter. She says her voice is her stock in trade, and that she cannot wear these imaginatively articles of clothing without greatly endangering her health. Hence her refusal to do so.

The decision in the case has been reserved.

If Lilian wins, there will be sorrow in the front row.

For Lilian in tights is indeed a vision of loveliness.

Mr. Dion Boucicault and his somewhat complicated marital relations once more come to the surface.

Mr. Boucicault seems to have demonstrated that a man can have an almost unlimited supply of wives and all of them legal.

The English courts have granted Agnes Robertson a divorce from Boucicault.

It is interesting in the face of the fact that for some time Mr. Boucicault has had another wife—professionally known as Louise Thordycka—and has claimed that the Robertson children, whose father he acknowledged being, were illegitimate. The English courts evidently took a different view of the case, however, and if Boucicault had any money he would probably find that the American courts agreed with him.

This is the result of one of his marriages. There are others.

And Dion Boucicault is the same gentleman who recently wrote some chaste advice to poor Johnnie Mackey!

His latest escapade is a sort of a climax to a most eccentric career.

He was to have been starred in a new play by Leonard Grover, "A Noble Son," and every preparation had been made. John is one of the most popular fellows in the country, and his friends had determined to give him a send-off.

But Johnnie turned up missing, literally running away the night upon which the first performance was to have been given. The cause of his disappearance is still a mystery, but it is probable that hard work in preparing for the part had affected his mind somewhat.

The play was produced in Philadelphia this week, with E. J. Buckley in the leading part, and it is said to have made an exceedingly favorable impression. Will Rising, Henrietta Crossman and Johnstone Bennett are other members of the company presenting it.

Matters are still somewhat complicated in the operatic world. The Casino people don't seem to be certain about either Nellie Ferren, Fred Leslie or Arthur Roberts. Isabelle Urquhart has retired from the company, but if Silvan Russell returns on Monday, as per the present programme, the void, physically at least, will be well filled.

Roberts, by the way, is a great London favorite. As an instance, it is told that he appeared at a benefit at a music hall, in London, recently, and before the audience of three thousand and would let him begin his "turn," they got up and sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," until the building rocked.

Now look out for the Jersey Lily.

MAX WELTON.

TALK OF STAGE PEOPLE.

Theodore Hamilton, who was here as a star in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," ought to be remembered by many old time Atlantians. He was here as a stock actor in the year after the war, and was a leading member of the company, of which the elder Crisp was the head.

"Many is the time I have played in that hall up there," he said, pointing to the story of the building at the northeast corner of Broadway and Adams streets. "We appeared in a great variety of plays to those days and did them mighty well. I can tell you, Crisp was a great actor and the company

contained many excellent people. Many's the night I've spent in Atlanta."

Mr. Hamilton was a younger in Baltimore in the days when Edwin Booth, John S. Clarke, John T. Ford and the other actors who are now regarded as old-timers, were boys.

They were playmates and members of the same boy dramatic association? Many are the tales he tells of those days. He is now associated with H. Clay Ford, John T. Ford's younger brother, and last season was leading man in John S. Clarke's company.

He asked particularly about young Creston Clark's southern tour. It was surprising to him that all the newspaper notices, to learn from him that Creston's father is not backing him in this venture. The boy has made the start on his own responsibility and is carrying out his own career.

John S. Clarke, by the way, is not the millionaire, "riches member of the profession" he is billed. He has a Philadelphia and a London theater and is supposed to be quite wealthy, but that isn't altogether certain.

One young actor who certainly deserves success in the highest degree is Mr. William R. Owen, of Atlanta's support, who has been of friends here in Atlanta, where he makes his summer home. Mr. Owen is an exceedingly capable and clever actor, and one of the most charming fellows in the world as well.

Ruben's tour this season has covered all of the north and west and everywhere. Owen has received the highest praise for his good work. The following extract from the Albany, (N. Y.) Argus shows how he is received everywhere.

"In speaking of his performance of 'Much Ado About Nothing':

Mr. William R. Owen took the part of Claudio, and he is a better interpreter than any actor I have seen here in Atlanta, where he makes his summer home. Mr. Owen is an exceedingly capable and clever actor, and one of the most charming fellows in the world as well.

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contained many excellent people. Many's the night I've spent in Atlanta."

Mr. Hamilton was a younger in Baltimore in the days when Edwin Booth, John S. Clarke, John T. Ford and the other actors who are now regarded as old-timers, were boys.

They were playmates and members of the same boy dramatic association? Many are the tales he tells of those days. He is now associated with H. Clay Ford, John T. Ford's younger brother, and last season was leading man in John S. Clarke's company.

He asked particularly about young Creston Clark's southern tour. It was surprising to him that all the newspaper notices, to learn from him that Creston's father is not backing him in this venture. The boy has made the start on his own responsibility and is carrying out his own career.

John S. Clarke, by the way, is not the millionaire, "riches member of the profession" he is billed. He has a Philadelphia and a London theater and is supposed to be quite wealthy, but that isn't altogether certain.

One young actor who certainly deserves success in the highest degree is

COLLEGIATE.

WHAT THE BOYS ARE DOING AT ATHENS, EMORY AND MERCER.

Anniversaries and Champion Debaters—Fraternity and Society Items—Pandora and the Mercian.

ATHENS, Ga., January 19.—College life at the university has assumed quite a lively aspect since the re-opening of the university after Christmas holidays, and several additions have been made to the number of students, making the number here about 175.

The military feature is being rapidly pushed to the front, and the cadets are appointing the officers and arrange the students into companies one day next week. Atlanta will be sure to take some of these officers' places.

The fraternities seem to get along more harmoniously this year than ever before, and cliques are not known or mentioned here now. The majority of the Atlanta boys are Chi Phi, and there is a strong chapter of that fraternity here. In strength of numbers Kappa Alpha leads, with Chi Phi second.

The fraternities after deliberation have concluded to admit the non-fraternity men to representation on the board of editors of the Pandora.

This annual will appear in its fourth volume about the middle of May. Its staff of editors is as follows: J. O. Bell, S. A. E. J. M. Gaston, Chi Phi; I. S. K. A. X. W. E. Thomas, T. O. J. W. Barnett, D. T. D. H. O. Crittenden, G. D. H. O. Crawford, S. N. Of these Messrs. Gaston and Bell from the gate city. Mr. T. W. Reed is editor-in-chief. The business manager has not as yet been selected.

The Phi Kappa literary society has recently repaired its hall, making it one of the prettiest in the city. To-morrow the society meets and with it all of its alumni members in the city who can be present. Both societies are in a flourishing condition, and the interest felt in them is increasing.

A new departure in college is the organization of a scientific club, composed of members of the senior class, the object of which is the study of scientific subjects. Mr. T. R. Crawford, of Lincoln, is the president. The club will hold its meetings at the residence of Professor H. C. White, on Millidge avenue.

In regard to athletics, the main sport now is football, which is played on the campus every day. The students will hold their annual field day on the first Monday in May, and a movement is on foot to join the exercises with those of Vanderbilt university. If this is done, Atlanta will probably be the place selected for holding them.

The literary societies have appointed committees to arrange for putting up a gymnasium in one of the old college buildings, and this will be made the nucleus for a better gymnasium which it is hoped will be soon secured.

The O. B. German club, which was recently organized in the university, will give entertainments once a month. Mr. V. L. Smith, of Atlanta, is president of the club.

What Atlanta's boys are doing:

Mr. A. R. Broyles is president of the Athletic association.

Mr. W. H. Pope is anniversary of the Deacons' society, and will take first honor in A. M. course at commencement.

Mr. E. C. Kontz is president of the Phi Kappa society, and has the honor of repairing its hall.

Mr. L. L. Knight, after reaping all the honors he could last year, is resting on his well-earned laurels, and is not mixing in the political fight at all.

Mr. W. D. Ellis is pushing the lead in the Junior class.

Mr. Albert Boylston is making a fine record in the sophomore class.

OXFORD, Ga., January 19.—[Special.] Emory is on a boom.

The hospitable people around us have made the past week a particularly pleasant one and the student's lot has been a happy one.

Some time since Miss Lizzie Parks entertained a number of friends at her home. The large, old-fashioned halls and rooms were beautifully decorated. The guests were entertained by music and recitations until a late hour, when the dining-room was thrown open to them. The appearance of this room was most gratifying—inspiring, in fact.

The guests dispersed with a full appreciation of Miss Parks' ability and pleasure in entertaining her friends.

Several evenings ago the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of this place, entertained the senior class at the residence of Mr. Joe Stewart.

They did all in their power to make the occasion an enjoyable one, and their complete success was indicated by the happy faces of the young ladies and young gentlemen present.

Music was furnished by many of the young ladies. Some of the young gentlemen were called on for addresses. They responded with words of praise for the women and the noble cause they adopted.

On last Monday evening Miss Lyn Brannan entertained a few of her friends at her home.

Those present enjoyed themselves to the greatest extent and seemed reluctant to say good-night.

Miss Brannan is a charming hostess and always entertains beautifully.

There are seven fraternities in our college at present, and though it may not be said of all of them that they flourish, exceeding, most of them are on firm foundations and are an honor to the college. The members of these fraternities are endeavoring to make the college a society distinction, hence the entertainments given by fraternities have been very few.

The Chi Phi's gave an oyster supper some time since, and about that time it was the intention of several of the other clubs to entertain their friends, but the revival meetings that were in progress prevented the execution of those plans.

Emory college can boast of two as fine literary societies as any college south. They are called "Phi Gamma" and "Feta."

The "Phi Gamma" society had their fall term debate some time ago. It was very interesting, and displayed a high degree of literary study on the part of the boys. The "Feta" fall term debate will come off tomorrow evening. We expect a rare literary treat.

The societies, and in fact the entire college, have been in a state of excitement over the election for champion debaters. The debaters are elected now to speak at the commencement. Each society elects three. It is considered quite an honor to be a debater, and for that reason there are many candidates, and much excitement accompanies the election.

The few society elected Mr. J. E. Dickey, of Atlanta, Mr. Jim McKee and Mr. Ridge-way, of West Point, Ga.

"Phi Gamma" elected Mr. R. F. Eakes, Mr. N. F. Culpepper and Mr. Louis L. Rawson, of Atlanta. These gentlemen stand high in their societies and in college, and we may safely promise some fine speeches from them to those who may honor us with their presence at commencement.

Senior class honors are held at present by the following gentlemen: First honor, Mr. W. A. Edwards, of Covington; second honor, Mr. D. H. Goodrich, of Augusta; third honor, Mr. N. F. Culpepper, fourth honor, Mr. T. P. Hunnicutt, of Newnan, Ga.

It is the custom of each graduating class to elect other officers who are elected in the class of 1889, as follows: Dux, T. H. Goodrich, Augusta; prophet, T. P. Hunnicutt, Newnan; W. P. Turner, West Point; historian, R. Frank Eakes.

The seasons have not as yet been favorable to the practice of field sports, but we hope that in the spring we may be able to rival our sister college, Athens, in this respect.

Football has engaged the attention of the students for some time past, and the Emory boys know how to play it.

A few days ago a picked eleven from the senior class played a picked eleven from the college, and a beautiful game was played.

The first goal was made by the senior class after a hard fight of an hour and twenty minutes. The second goal was made by the college eleven in a short time. Quickly the

seniors made a third goal, thus gaining a victory. All of the boys play football, and some of them are fine players. We know that if we can bring other sports to the same point of perfection that we have this one, we will be prepared to challenge and accept challenges from other colleges.

Emory college is improving under her new president, in every way. The boys have already learned to love and respect Dr. Candler, and we know that we are on the fair road to greater success than has yet crowned our efforts.

MERCER, January 19.—With the present collegiate year, Mercer begins her second half century of existence. In her past history there is much to which all true friends of this institution may be justly proud, and when the last words of the valedictorian's address closed the commencement exercises of last year, faculty and trustees were alike filled with a determination to make Mercer's future record even more clear and noble than her past. So when autumn ushered in the present collegiate year, it was one characterized not only by the erection of a new chapel, and a complete renovation of the university building, but also by a spirit of zeal on the part of both faculty and students to keep Mercer in her old and accustomed place among the foremost of southern universities.

The election for officers in the two literary societies, Phi Delta and Ciceronian, which occurred last Friday evening, was highly interesting, resulting as follows: Ciceronian, universal—J. R. Long, P. D. T. Debaters—A. W. Lane, K. A. C. S. Hood, S. A. E., and J. G. Harrison, S. A. E. Phi Delta, universal—J. R. Long, K. A. C. S. Hood, S. A. E., and J. G. Harrison, S. A. E. Debaters—B. Winslip, A. T. O., A. J. Hall, K. A., and D. F. Croland, A. J. T.

There are secret societies represented at Mercer. These with the number of members of each may be given as follows: P. D. T., 19; A. T. O., 19; K. A., 16; S. A. E., 17; S. N., 8.

The senior class, at a meeting a week or two ago, selected officers for the class exercises, to be held during commencement. These exercises have always proved very interesting and enjoyable, and with such material as A. B. Green, president; M. G. Ogden, chaplain; J. G. Harrison, cantor; C. Whitehead, prophet; R. N. Hardeman, historian; C. S. Hood, poet, it can with safety be prophesied that the exercises of the present year will prove no exception to those of the past.

At a joint meeting of Phi Delta and Ciceronian societies, on Friday last, it was decided to continue this year the publication of the Mercerian, our college manual. Two editors and one business manager were selected from each fraternity, and the same from the non-fraternity students. The following officers were elected: A. T. O. editors—T. W. O'Kelley and C. Whitehead; business manager—B. Winslip; P. D. T. editors—J. R. Long and C. Collier; business manager—J. R. Long; K. A. editors—C. R. Ellis and A. J. Hall; business manager—A. W. Lane; S. N. editors—C. H. Evans and W. M. Kelley; business manager—Walker; S. A. E. editors—C. S. Hood and A. B. Green; business manager—G. Harrison; non-fraternity editors—R. N. Hardeman and W. Davis; business manager—Breckon.

All matters relating both to finances and literary contributions were left entirely under the control of the editors and business managers. The Mercerian of 1887 and 1888 was considered highly creditable and the students, having received many high compliments from the citizens of Macon, were encouraged to again put the volume before the public.

D. F. C.

Ode to Math.

He walks in the section room,

He sits in a chair;

He gazes at the blackboard

In wild and mute despair.

He sees up there in bold relief,

A math examination;

But how to work what's written there

Would puzzle all creation.

He boldly starts on number one,

But finds he cannot do;

He works a while on number two,

But cannot quite see through it.

He tries in vain three, four and five,

And comes to this conclusion—

Examinations are a bore.

And 2's a delusion.

MILNER, GA.

I have used Brewer's Lung Restorer for a

throat disease that gave me a good deal of

trouble, and caused me some uneasiness, and I

believe myself entirely relieved of that

trouble by it.

T. J. CAULFIELD.

Mr. T. D. TINSLEY, of the firm of S. R.

Jones & Tinsley, Macon, Ga., says: I consider

Bradycrine a great medicine, and the

manufacturer a public benefactor.

Do not let your prejudice stand between

your suffering child and the relief that will be

absolutely sure to follow the use of MRS.

WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Twenty-

five cents a bottle.

A few choice lots on Crew street,

Capital avenue and Georgia avenue,

for sale by the Capital City Land

and Improvement company. Call

at Capital City Bank.

FANCY BUTTER.

Where to Get it at Popular Prices—Phil-

adelphia Prints.

We owe an apology to Atlantians for the

misleading butter we recommended last week

under the name of "Feta." The goods it was

that it was an error, and we think it was; so we

under this apology and are willing to rectify any

injustice done. We are happy to announce that we

now have the agency for the celebrated Robin

Jones creamery, which we will sell at the

same old price, 35 cents per pound. We will have

regular daily shipment of 200 pounds, and guaran-

tee our customers that quality will at all times be

kept uniform and up to the standard. We want

customers who have been using this 35-cent Jersey

butter to call at our store and leave us their address.

We will gladly bring them the butter at old price,

STILSON,
JEWELER,
55 WHITEHALL ST.
Reliable Goods,
Fair Dealing.
Bottom Prices.

One hundred new
BABY CARRIAGES
just arrived at Nunnal-
ly's, 36 Whitehall St.

FISH
Greater reduction. We are
determined to sell fish cheaper
than anybody. Red snapper,
retail, 6c per pound. Mullet,
5c. Other fish in proportion.
Oysters cheap.

E. F. DONEHOO & CO.
No. 9, East Alabama street

GRAND RAFFLE.



\$1,000 bill, benefit Confederate
Veterans' association. Grand raffle
February 14th. Tickets on sale at
\$1.00 each at the following places:

Jacobs's drug store cigar stand,

Stoney, Gregory & Co.'s drug store,

John M. Miller's book store, W. B.

Burk's old book store, Hotel Wein-

meister, Bluthenthal & Bickart (B

& B.), Kimball house cigar stand,

Markham house cigar stand, H. C.

Hamilton, Custom house, Big Bo-

nanza, August Fleisch, Gate City

Bank saloon, W. C. Boggan, Ther-

ton & Grubb's book store, Benja-

min & Cronheim's drug store, Brat-

ton's drug store, Avery's drug store,

Captain A. C. Sneed, at Black's

shoe store, and at the office of Amos

Fox, No. 12 West Alabama street,

Hall's & McMahon, Palmer's Drug

Store.

Your Golden Opportunity

To get Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry, Sil-

ver and Plated ware, while they are being

closed out at cost at The Place, 10 Marietta.

\$2 A YEAR—SUNDAY'S CONSTITU-

TION.

Latin Teacher Wanted.

The trustees of the North Georgia Agricultural

college at Dahlonega will receive applications to

fill the position of Latin instructor until April,

at which time election will take place. Applicants

will send testimonials, etc., to W. P. Price,

President of Board of Trustees.

sun, wed, fri

It Will Pay You

To make your purchases at once while every-

thing is going at cost at The Place, 10 Marietta.

\$2 A YEAR—SUNDAY'S CONSTITU-

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FOR SALE.—The stable on Col-

lins street, formerly occupied by the

Ballard Transfer company. It is

especially well adapted for the

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tary, Capital City Bank.

200,000 Readers!

Established 1843!

Leading in 1889!

THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR AND DIXIE FARMER,

ATLANTA, GEORGIA,

Now in its Forty-seventh Year of Publication

And the only one of its class in the South that did not miss an issue during the war nor since its first issue in 1843.

The farm, garden, orchard, stock, poultry, kitchen and household are treated in the most acceptable manner by our best thinkers and writers, whose practical knowledge and learning make THE CULTIVATOR an encyclopedia of whatever is wise, pure, good and useful to our people, and the numerous illustrations given each month are great helps to progressive and intelligent farmers. The recognized organ of Southern agriculture and the industrial progress of the South, with a guaranteed circulation in every Southern and Western State.

A BRILLIANT CORPS OF WRITERS.

The editorial corps of writers and contributors is unsurpassed, if equaled, by that of any other similar publication in all the union. HON. W. J. NORTON is the President of the Georgia State Agricultural Society, and a practical farmer of the most thorough culture, and his articles are always instructive to farmers. DR. DANIEL LEE is not only one of the ablest and most learned agricultural journalists in the country, but he was for four years virtually Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., and later, Professor of Agriculture at the Georgia State University. COLONEL E. J. REDDING is the able and thoroughly equipped Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia, as well as an experienced writer. PROFESSOR J. S. NEWMAN is in charge of the Alabama State Experiment station, and stands in the front rank of agricultural educators and writers in the South. With these eminent writers are associated a score or more of male and female contributors—including not a few professional agricultural writers—whose monthly articles cover every department of farm management and household work, making THE CULTIVATOR the most complete, attractive and valuable agricultural journal in the South, each issue being worth more than a whole year's subscription to any farmer who reads and thinks in connection with his work.

Its illustrations are superb, and every department will be found full to overflowing with matter to instruct, enlighten and entertain. The January number is worth the sum charged for the year's subscription.

"I TOLD YOU SO!" "WE'VE GOT THERE, ELI!"

In addition to the large quantity of choice reading matter in the January issue, more than one hundred advertising orders were received from twenty-nine different States, and appear in this, the January number, from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

OUR BOOKS ARE OPEN TO INSPECTION.

The management do not rely upon the fact that it is the oldest and ablest agricultural journal in the South, but are determined that it shall remain true to its name, and present the best thoughts of the best Southern writers on topics of interest to the farmers of the South, each issue being made more and more attractive and valuable. Every topic pertaining to farm life and household economy will be discussed in its columns, by Southern writers from their personal experience. No family can afford to be without THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR. Now is the time to send in your subscriptions. Only One Dollar per annum in advance. The twelve numbers constituting a volume of extensive information useful to all classes. Bound by Press and People as a journal for the farm, garden and counting-room. Subscription, \$1 per year. For advertising rates, etc., address

GEO. W. HARRISON, Manager.

THE CULTIVATOR PUBLISHING COMPANY, Drawer 8, Atlanta, Ga.

Send for sample copy.

CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, ETC.

WINTER SUITS
—AND—
UNDERWEAR
—AT—
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
Don't fail to inspect my stock.

GEORGE MUSE,
38 Whitehall Street.

CLOTHING.

Our Clearance Sale!

Has been very satisfactory. However, in consequence of the continued warm weather, we have some heavy goods which must go, and on which we have decided to make

Prices That Will Clear Them Out at Once.

They are reliable, perfect fitting and well made garments. We have just received some

Nobby Styles in Hats,

And will receive this week a line of HANDSOME NECKWEAR. As usual, we will offer them at our

lowest and pleasing figures.

A. Rosenfeld & Son.

24 Whitehall Street, corner Alabama.

WINES.

Bluthenthal & Bickart,

B. & B.,

Wholesale Liquors and Direct Importers,

46 and 48 Marietta street.

80 South Forsyth street.

under rosenfeld 7p

GET OUR PRICES.

PLANING MILL and LUMBER YARD

Out Rates on Lumber and Mill Work.

Fulton Lumber and Manufacturing Co.,

Office: Corner Hunter Street and C. R. R. Telephone 1040.

Mill: Mitchell and Mangum Streets.

JOSEPH THOMPSON,

21 AND 23 DECATUR ST.,

(Successor to Cox, Hill & Thompson.)

—DEALER IN—

THE WESTERN UNION.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE ATLANTA OFFICE.

The Atlanta Office is one of the most important in the country, and is so regarded—The Magnificent New Western Union Building, with its Personnel of the Present Force.

The most important telegraph office in the south, and one of the three most important in the United States, is the new Western Union office in the Constitution building.

That's a fact, though to most people the statement is new enough to be news.

For years the Atlanta office has been the most important in the south, and in keeping with the growth of the city has been the rapid growth of the office.

Not many people living here now remember the first telegraph office. That was in 1849, with D. U. Sloan as manager, and Evan P. Howell the first messenger boy.

After they were burned out, the office was moved upstairs over Dougherty's store on Peachtree, then into the old capitol, Marietta and Forsyth streets. That was in 1858.

From there, about 1873, the office was moved into the Kimball, fronting Pryor, and three years later it was moved around to front Wall street, still in the Kimball.

In 1879 it was moved to the corner of Wall and Lloyd.

It was there for nine years and more and became a sort of landmark, like the depot and the Kimball. Under the competent management of Mr. J. M. Stephens, the business of the office increased to such an extent that larger quarters and better equipment became necessary.

The change has been made and the new office is one of which any city might be proud.

Through it there pass every day over 30,000 words of press dispatches, 15,000 words of newspaper specials, and more than 6,000 private and mercantile dispatches.

The office has direct connection with over 250 offices—a wire to New York, 4 to Cincinnati, 2 to Chicago, 2 to Louisville, 2 to Nashville, 2 to Jacksonville, 4 to Augusta, 2 to Savannah, 2 to Birmingham, 4 to Montgomery, 1 to Mobile, 1 to Pensacola, 2 to Chattanooga, 2 to Washington, 4 to New Orleans, 2 to Knoxville, 2 to Asheville, N. C., 1 to Selma, 2 to Macon, 1 to Columbus, 4 to Macon, 1 to Athens, 1 to Charlotte, and one to every town of importance in Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina, Alabama, and North Carolina. These are direct connections, and from each of these points there radiate other wires which in turn bring other points within reach of the Atlanta office.

The wires, just before entering the operating room, are brought together so as to form one large cable, and then from the rear of the room the wires strand are again separated, each connecting with a table and a separate instrument. There are over eight miles of wire in this room alone.

The force required to keep up the currents generated in 12,500 glass jars, arranged on shelves. From floor to ceiling the lines of jars form partitions, one after another, the force that flows from the jars is an enormous one, and yet it is all done in perfect silence. Thunderbolts are generated and transmitted in our powerful current, and 1,250 of these currents flow side by side, but the room is as still and quiet and gloomy as a grave. Nobody stays in there and the blue light is in keeping with the solitude.

And the operator's room.

It is, to everybody but an operator, a perfect chaos of clicking instruments. It is a half-ton—an avalanche.

Occasionally you can see a little group of them talking and suddenly one will dart back to his table as though he had been in some sort of electric connection with it and the current had whisked him there. He had recognized the tick of his instrument—one out of a hundred.

As soon as you become used to the noise you remember somebody saying that the telegraph was the greatest civilizing agent of this age—a twin sister of Christianity—and you wonder in a vague, nebulous fashion how that civilization could civilize anybody, and why it is that the operators are not more civilized than anybody else, and how it is they stay there for hours and don't become deaf or go insane.

Not only is the Atlanta office the best equipped and most important in the south, but it is actually the largest. There is New Orleans with 200,000 inhabitants and Atlanta with 74,000, and yet the office here has more men and does more work.

Mr. J. M. Stephens—Counselman Stephens—is a man.

Mr. J. F. Fenn is the chief electrician of the entire southern department, but Atlanta is headquarters, and he says he belongs to the office here.

Mr. P. Holcomb is chief operator, P. E. Murray night chief operator, A. H. Christ assistant chief operator, J. A. Baldwin traffic chief operator, W. A. Benton repeater chief.

The regular operators are: E. H. Burch, E. W. Blau, F. L. Chambers, C. A. V. Duffy, J. H. Dillon, C. Daniel, E. C. Dunn, R. Edmond, A. E. Freckling, R. A. Guy, T. M. Giddens, M. S. Harris, G. W. Harris, H. Y. Howe, W. A. Houston, E. W. Hambley, W. D. Jones, O. W. Latimer, C. A. Lackey, L. M. McCormick, H. G. Martin, D. L. Smythe, P. Ralston, W. J. Sprengel, G. W. Stephens, L. B. Thompson, W. G. Turner, H. Vandevender, B. H. Wilson, E. Waldron, E. W. Wood, A. H. Woodson, W. M. York, L. E. Owens, F. B. Spinks, Wm. H. Woodruff, Clifford Cochran, quotation clerk.

The clerical force is as follows: S. M. Wall, chief bookkeeper; W. F. Barton, assistant bookkeeper; J. H. Robinson, collector; S. P. Gilbert, receiving clerk; P. Green, night clerk; Miss Hattie Wodneyer, delivery clerk; Miss Allie Hinson, telephone clerk.

Clerks—J. Plunkett, W. C. Morris, Wm. Oliver, S. H. Woodruff, Clifford Cochran, quotation clerk.

The office boys are: Robert Lee, Robert Woodruff, Joe Atkinson, Louis Lively, Johnny Hooks, and Miss Cora Kutzanlian is call bell clerk.

The linemen are J. E. Eubanks, Smith Brice, and D. D. Wynn.

Wm. Chivers is chief battery man, Sidney Goode assistant battery man, J. B. Baskins janitor.

The messengers are: J. H. Black, A. J. Clarke, A. L. Culbertson, A. Davis, J. F. Dent, Robt. Epps, T. J. Green, H. Haywood, Wm. Tison, E. A. Jennings, H. Martin, G. W. Spear, M. Yates, J. Young, J. H. Young, R. Berrels.

The force of operators is divided into three watches. Nine hours makes a day's work, while the other two are seven and a half hours each.

The busiest portion of the day is from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. The bulk of that business is mercantile and most of it with New York Chicago and St. Louis.

Then in the evening from 6 to 10 there is another busy season, and after 10 the business begins to wane. All night long, though, some instrument is ticking—the office is always open.

And if anything worth knowing comes in it is sure to be in THE CONSTITUTION next morning.

A POLICE PICARESQUE.

Some Good Advice is Given "De Judge an' All de Gemin Present" by an Irrepressible Witness.

Judge Anderson took his seat yesterday morning with that same kindly smile so characteristic of him, and which same smile so often beguiles the evil doer into the thought that he is going to "get off light."

When the clerk had arranged the papers the judge called out, "De Garry Totevill in court." Most any other reporter would state "At this juncture an elocut hued daughter of Ham came to the front," but I will simply say that a colored lady arose from her seat.

"Carry, you are charged with disorderly conduct, quarreling and using profane language. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Nossir, Mister An'terion, judge, 'fo God I'm not guilty. I never us 'sorderly in my life, an' I 'longs ter church, an' I don't use no profane language, nor cuss addor, an' I never existed er offendin' narybody's dooty, an' dat yaller nigger ober dar des got me totch up 'ere 'ca she so lighty. I—"

"Well, carry, you keep still now, an' we'll hear from you after while. Call tne witnesses," said the judge.

"Florence Italy, Gloster East and Trademark Ham," sang out the clerk.

"Now, Florence, tell your story."

"Well, judge, all I knows bout hit are dat I bin in der 'nise 'oman's house ter see where she don't want nary no colored lady to be in no work er narythin, an' si cum on back dat nigger er dar, wid dat rinter cape on, stanin' in front of my gate right fore de doo, on de side walk right by de side of de stove, and time he got dar she say, 'Carry, I want you ter checkize yo boy,' and I say, 'whute 'e dun, Carry, ter be checkized fur?' des lak dat, and she say he dun whip my baby, and he has beatin' semblers 'fo God he do, and she say 'baby,' as she calls him, a great big boy, des gin as big as my boy, an' I des laik at 'er, an' I say 'g'wan way from er an stoppossem longer o' me. If yo got big baby, what let 'er make 'er close, let 'er little boy lak mine walp in, he do wun what o'er be checkized, an' fu want anybody's chile checkize, she checkize yo own frye, nor er gwine ter checkize mine. And dat, judge, des de let in 'er cussin' an' she des called all de most bodacious name, an' she use de mos profane language, and dat lady ober dar an' Uncle Gloster herd 'er, an' 'er bite 'oman at 'er gwine long, too, an' 'u don blebe hit des ax 'em."

Uncle Gloster was an old time dorky. An ex-slave—precisely, profound and solemn.

He began his speech by making a low bow to the court and addressing the same as "Yo'wah," and turning to the row of policemen on the side, addressed them as "Jen'men er der 'em." Then, again, "Yo'wah! All I know bout dis 'ere spue nout 'tween dese yun' ladies, yo see, yo oah, I don't know narythin 'all bout hit. Now, dat's er fact, 'e's er, I dun bin down in der 'nise 'oman's house ter see where she don't want nary no colored lady to be in no work er narythin, an' si cum on back dat nigger er dar, wid dat rinter cape on, stanin' in front of my gate right fore de doo, on de side walk right by de side of de stove, and time he got dar she say, 'Carry, I want you ter checkize yo boy,' and I say, 'whute 'e dun, Carry, ter be checkized fur?' des lak dat, and she say he dun whip my baby, and he has beatin' semblers 'fo God he do, and she say 'baby,' as she calls him, a great big boy, des gin as big as my boy, an' I des laik at 'er, an' I say 'g'wan way from er an stoppossem longer o' me. If yo got big baby, what let 'er make 'er close, let 'er little boy lak mine walp in, he do wun what o'er be checkized, an' fu want anybody's chile checkize, she checkize yo own frye, nor er gwine ter checkize mine. And dat, judge, des de let in 'er cussin' an' she des called all de most bodacious name, an' she use de mos profane language, and dat lady ober dar an' Uncle Gloster herd 'er, an' 'er bite 'oman at 'er gwine long, too, an' 'u don blebe hit des ax 'em."

"How do you know what time it was?" asked the judge.

"Cause er nigger cum er long an' 'e ax me wun time it is, an' I told him 'e wunter no wun time he go buy er watch an' tote hit hase 'an' nor fer ter be borin' 'em 'mans on de street."

"But how could you tell the time to a second?"

"Boss," said Gloster, pulling out his watch, "you see dis ere watch? Well, I got dis ere watch er Mr. Blue er dole er week, and hit do keep de mos pufike in 'er time. Yassir, hit do, Now, mos de dese watches what er other gemman sells dey sorter checkize er long and keep some kin' er time, but dese watches what Mr. Blue sells, dey tell de time yo' looks at 'em dey tells you de God's true, an' judge, er yo aint got airy watch, er yo 'fo got one o' dem gemman's kine, I devise you ter make er deavate er Mr. Blue, nuss er co er ober, an' sploin, impossible diadem an' reperation. Yassir, dey is!"

"Well, well," said the judge, "that's enough about Mr. Blue, tell me what you say of this case?"

But the old man was "wound up," and he commenced again. "Gole case, gole 'mans, an' dollar week." And as Garfield led him down stairs he kept muttering, "Mos pufike line er watches what Mr. Blue do sell er dollar er week, nine seben an' nine-nine Peachtree street."

A 24 YEAR—SUNDAY'S CONSTITUTION.

AN ATLANTA PROFESSOR.

Chosen to Fill a Chair in the North Georgia Agricultural College.

DAHLONEGA, Ga., January 19.—[Special.]—The trustees of the North Georgia Agricultural college have determined to supplement the regular academic course with a business school, wherein will be taught bookkeeping, stenography and commercial business. This they are endeavoring to do by reason of the appropriation lately made by the college.

They have selected Professor Hamilton, of Atlanta, to preside over this department. The election of a professor to fill the chair of ancient languages has been postponed, and applications will be received until April 1st.

An advertisement of this will shortly appear in THE CONSTITUTION.

A circular, now in course of preparation, will show that since the institution was founded, some years after the war, it has enrolled 3,720 students, of which number about 850 were young ladies. That since 1887, the number of students has increased to 50,000 of the children of the state have been instructed by teachers who were students of this institution. The accurate count was only made for one year, and that year over 40,000 children were taught by students who left the college to become teachers in the common schools.

Considering the many trials through which the college has passed, its destruction by fire and the meagre allowances made from time to time for its rebuilding (it is not yet finished), this is thought to be a remarkable record. The business department will be opened the first Monday in February, which is the beginning of the spring term.

The Semon King's Attire.

A recent visitor says the king of Samoa wears scarcely anything but chain whisks and a string of beads. We believe, however, that he also wears a look of apprehension just now.

About an Equal Chance.

Colonel Oates, of Alabama, is about to make a speech in congress in favor of the disfranchisement of the negroes. He might as well include in it a plan for the restoration of the states as colonies of Great Britain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The largest and best selected stock in the south. Selective packages will be sent anywhere on request. FREEMAN & CRANKSHAW, Jewelers, 31 Whitehall.

44 MARIETTA ST.

A few words about spectacles. Perhaps your old ones are badly scratched, or they no longer suit your eyes. Come to us and get a new pair. We can give you a perfect fit. Our goods are the very best made. Don't forget this.

FOR SALE.—The stable on Collins street, formerly occupied by the Ballard Transfer company. It is especially well adapted for the livery business. Jacob Haas, Secretary, Capital City Bank.

DRY GOODS.

D. H. & CO. T. D. O. H. P.

3 EEE 4 PPPP and 3 PPP Excellence, Elegance & Economy

Distinguish all our Goods and

Prudent Purchasers are Pleased with our Prices.

We look after other profit than money for we hold there is PROFIT IN PLEASING PURCHASERS

And this we do at any cost. We have one motto as to quality, The Best, Only the Best and Nothing but the Best.

The hatchet is buried, but the BIGGEST BROADAXE IN THE LAND

IS CUTTING PRICES FOR US.

Come and see how His Axemanship has made bargains for you.

DRESS GOODS.

All ladies are interested in this department, and the greatest feature is we have used "ax" unmercifully. A few prices will be given to show you where to shop.

Our No. 1 regatta Black Gros Grain silk is a \$2.50 goods. It will be sold for 90 days at \$1.00. Black and colored plushes at 50c; worth \$1.00; cut down to \$1.37, is a beautiful lot of broadcloths 56 inches wide worth \$2.

One yard wide exquisite Henriettas cut to 66c; worth \$1. Cause er nigger cum er long an' 'e ax me wun time it is, an' I told him 'e wunter no wun time he go buy er watch an' tote hit hase 'an' nor fer ter be borin' 'em 'mans on de street."

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THE CONSTITUTION: ATLANTA, GA. SUNDAY JANUARY 20 1889

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CONSTITUTION JOB OFFICE.

ITS FACILITIES

For Executing First Class Work.

A FEW POINTS

Relating to the Publishing Business!

The Job and Publishing Department

of The Constitution has been overhauled on all three of its floors, and is now in a splendid condition.

Every convenience that would in the least facilitate work has been placed in position, and has been so arranged as to enable the department to turn out work in keeping with the times.

In order that we may be prepared for executing

ALL KINDS OF WORK

from the plainest circular to the MOST ARTISTIC printing, we have purchased an extensive line of NEW TYPE, embracing all styles.

We do not think that a publishing house in the south has a better and more carefully selected outfit in this line than we have.

In addition to this, NEW PRESSES, FOLDING AND RULING MACHINES, and, in fact, all kinds of improved machinery that pertains to the printing and publishing business. We make

ASPECIALTY OF RAILROAD WORK

Large posters, folders, papers, and other advertising devices are carefully prepared and executed.

COLOR WORK OF ALL KINDS

will receive our careful attention. Our facilities in this branch of the business are equal to the best, and the class of work we turn out is up to the standard.

If you want some COLOR WORK done do not forget to send to us for estimates. Our prices are LOW.

Our facilities for executing

TABULATED RAILROAD WORK

are the best. We have done a great deal of it and have given satisfaction in every particular.

In fact if you want any kind of printing done send to us for estimates.

OUR PROMPTNESS

in executing work is another claim we ask the people to consider.

ALL ORDERS ARE FILLED PROMPTLY.

Do you want any work done? If so give us a trial.

W. J. CAMPBELL, Manager,

Constitution Job Department.

THE CONSTITUTION: ATLANTA, GA. SUNDAY JANUARY 20 1889

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